



**When life sucks,  
cuddle with  
your boyfriend**

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## When life sucks, cuddle with your boyfriend by PeculiarGlitteryNargles

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**Summary:**

Richie can't take his family and sleeps over at Eddie's

## **When life sucks, cuddle with your boyfriend**

“knock. knock.” Eddie woke up and looked around. It must’ve been the middle of the night. The clicking noise came from the window. Eddie left his bed, it was probably Richie, paying him a little midnight visit. He pushed his red curtain out of the way and opened the window. It was indeed Richie, but instead of his cocky smile, tears were streaming down his puffy face. Richie climbed inside without asking, which Eddie was fairly used to.

“Richie. Why are you upset.” Richie had turned away from Eddie so he wouldn’t see his tears. This wasn’t the first time Richie had come to Eddie’s window, sobbing, and he was still the only person Richie ever considered going to, but he felt so vulnerable, although Eddie was his long-term boyfriend.

Eddie grabbed Richie’s hand from behind and stepped closer to the taller boy’s shaking body. He managed to turn him around, his head was low, his face was flushed and his shoulders were slumped.

Eddie raised his hands to cup his face and made him look into his own eyes.

“Is it your parents again?” Eddie asked and Richie nodded. Eddie threw his arms around Richie’s torso and Richie hugged him back around the shoulders, gripping tightly. Richie might seem like his parent’s indifferent behavior on his behalf, didn’t affect him but it really deeply hurt him, and from time to time he couldn’t keep it in anymore.

“You can stay here.” Eddie whispered into Richie’s printed shirt. He smelled like cheap cleaning detergent and Richie with a tinge of smoke.

“Thanks.” Richie whispered back in a high pitched voice. He raised his hands to Eddie’s soft hair and buried it into it. Eddie pulled away from the embrace and took hold of Richie’s hands instead, leading him towards his bed.

Eddie sat down and let Richie get comfortable between his legs, resting his head on Eddie’s chest, listening to his steady, calming heartbeat. They stayed like this for sometime, before Eddie reached for his blanket, covering their bodies with it.

Richie was already half asleep at this point, his glasses lopsided. He shifted so he could face Eddie.

He smiled, “Eds.”

“Don’t call me that Trashmouth.” Eddie whispered in a loving way. Richie’s smile grew wider and he buried his nose in Eddie’s cheek. Sometimes Eddie wished the Losers would see Richie like this. When he wasn’t acting all tough, making inappropriate jokes at inappropriate times, when he was just being...soft and affectionate. Eddie laid a hand on his boyfriend’s side, which made Richie reach all the way around him and pull him a tiny bit closer, just enough for their noses to touch. Eddie could see the sleepiness in Richie’s eyes, so he gave him a quick but gentle kiss on the lips and closed his eyes. He felt Richie’s head shift so that their foreheads were touching, before closing his eyes as well. That is how they fell asleep.

Richie woke up first. He glanced to Eddie’s alarm clock. The bright green numbers gave him 7:45am. Today was Saturday, so Eddie’s mom would sleep in as usual and check on her son at about 10 o’clock am. He let out a sigh of relief and buried his head deeper in Eddie’s pillow. His smell was comforting, his hand was still resting on Richie’s hip. Richie reached out and brushed Eddie’s brown hair out of his eyes.

He felt lucky. So lucky to have a person like him in his life. Not only did he love him like crazy, he was also his best friend. Richie wondered where he would sleep over if Eddie didn’t exist. At Stan’s or Bill’s probably. But it wouldn’t be the same.

Eddie opened his eyes and moved closer to Richie, hugging him around the waist.

“Eds?” Richie whispered.

“Don’t call me that.” Eddie whispered back, his voice muffled from Richie’s shirt.

“I love you.” Richie said and grinned.

“I love you too.” Eddie said before adding, “Asshole.” ,which made both giggle.